Helpless in love

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Helpless in love

by Silvaxus

Summary

26. Breath Play / Orgasm Denial / **Smiles**

Hannibal knew that they had to lay low for the time being but whenever Will wanted something from him he got it...with a simple smile.

Notes

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble Imoshen

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal knew that they weren't invincible yet he felt like it.

They managed to flee from the FBI, slayed a dragon together, fell into the cold embrace of the Pacific only to be washed ashore cleaned from the blood of their fight with the dragon.

Will had found them a car, Hannibal's gun shot wound didn't allow him to go far after the adrenalin wore off, and together they left everything behind.

They found themselves a place to heal and recover before they left for South America.

The home they built themselves even served Will's need for solitude and Hannibal's need for company.

Everything seemed to be perfect but Hannibal knew that things could and would change.

They were on a grocery trip when they ran into...a rude customer.

Hannibal favored the small shop for the quality of the local goods but the loud and rude tourist didn't seem to be satisfied with the offerings.

The man cursed and yelled at the store owner only to push Hannibal rudely aside while storming out. Normally, Hannibal would go after the man and teach him a lesson in good manners but…

Will was a temptation of warm skin and lean muscles against Hannibal's side.

Turning around to look at Will after Hannibal caught himself still staring at the exit, everything came to a sudden stop in Hannibal's mind.

Will was smiling; open and happy, seductive and cunning, wanton and alluring...So many things and expressions in just one smile and Hannibal licked his lips. His mouth was completely dry.

"Do it, Hannibal."

A breathless whisper, words spoken in a sultry voice and Hannibal felt himself getting hard just from this innocent gesture.

"I can feel your desire to punish this man, to turn him into art and dinner for us. I'm sure you already have a fitting recipe in mind for how you want to serve me liver and heart."

Good thing that the store was mostly empty because Hannibal had no control over himself when he pressed his lips to Will's.

They had grown closer to each other since they crawled out of the water but they had yet to make the final step but what Will was offering him now…

The same smile was still on Will's face when he pushed Hannibal back and nodded in the direction of the exit.

"You better go. I'll be waiting at home for you to make me dinner."

Hannibal needed a moment to get himself back under control and he watched Will walk off with a teasing swagger to his hips.

Will wanted him to kill, to be once more the killer Will had hunted for so long...and not only that. Will wanted Hannibal go out hunting to provide him with food, with the meat of his kill. The most archaic way of courting and Hannibal felt himself come alive in a way he hadn't felt in a long time.

…

It was dark outside when Hannibal came back home with a cooler in his hand.

He had taken his time observing his prey only to wait for the perfect opportunity to strike.

Hannibal had taken the man's liver, just like Will had requested, and he had taken a perfectly cut tenderloin from the man's back as well.

There had been time to turn the rude man into a piece of art but...Hannibal restrained himself from doing so. It would give their whereabouts away to prying eyes and that was the last thing Hannibal wanted to risk.

When Hannibal walked into their house, Will was waiting for him.

He had showered not long ago, his hair still wet despite the heat, the linen shirt he wore was carelessly open and revealing Will's smooth chest to Hannibal's eyes. His long legs were bare and Will decided that wearing just tight black boxer shorts was enough.

The same smile as earlier was on Will's face and when he got up to greet Hannibal, he pushed his shirt off his shoulders and walked up to Hannibal in nothing but his tight fitting underwear.

The kiss Will pressed to Hannibal's lips was open and wanton and the clatter of the cooler on the floor was unheard as Hannibal let go of the cooler to reach for Will.

Even while kissing, Will never lost the smile on his face and Hannibal placed his hands on Will's firm ass.

Hannibal knew that he was in love with Will, helplessly so, for a long time but that damn smile was Hannibal's undoing...and he wasn't sorry about it.

End Notes

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